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Gow. A Group of Songs

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A GROUP OF SONGS

GEO. COLEMAN GOW

BIRD

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Merry Christmas to you!
G.C.G.
'98

A GROUP OF SONGS

BY

GEORGE COLEMAN GOW

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The Arbutus.

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 1.

Allegretto. (♩ = 116)

Voice.

Piano.

p

Love-ly, lit-tle, mod-est flow-er,

poco rit. *a tempo.*

Pure and sim-ple, full of fra-grance, Neath your dark-green leaves you cow-er

cresc. *p*

Like a tim-id maid-en, Con-scious of your charms, and think-ing.

That for others they were given: Peeping forth, yet backward shrinking, Veiled in heav'nly blushes.

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mf animato. *poco rit.*

I will seek thee ere a sun - beam Kiss the dew - drop from thy blos - som,

mf

While thy pet - als, fair - y spun, gleam Bright - ly forth to greet me:

cresc. *sf*

I will pluck thee, quick - ly bear thee As a pres - ent to my loved one,

mf melodia marcata.

rit.

Place thee on her breast, com - pare thee To her ra - diant beau - ty.

cresc. e rit. *sf* *sf*

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a tempo.

mf

rit. e dim.

p accel.

mf

cresc. e ritard.

All thy charms her charms shall height-en, On-ly make her more en-chant-ing

mf

cresc. e ritard.

cresc. sempre, e molto ritard.

"Till with praise you both I'll frighten To my arm's protection, To my arm's protection,

cresc. sempre, e molto ritard.

sf

To my arm's pro - tec - tion.

sf

accel.

ritard.

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Spring.

(Heinrich Heine.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 2.

Allegretto. (♩ = 120)

Voice.

Piano.

p *mf* *sf* *p* *rit.* *p*

pp *p*

The Spring with eyes of a - zure Peers forth from grass and brake! They

ppp

sempre cresc. *ritard.* *mf* *a tempo.* *pp*

are the sweet young vio - lets, There - of a bunch I make; I

p *ritard.* *mf* *pp*

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p

pluck them with sweet mus - ings, And as I muse a - long The

a tempo.

mf *sf* *mf*

night - in - gale sings loud - ly My se - cret thoughts in song. My

poco accel. e sempre cresc.

thoughts she knows, and sing - eth In such a thrill - ing strain, That

ff *poco ritard. e dim.* *sostenuto.*

all the for - est learn - eth My sweet and se - cret pain; That all the for - est

f *ff*

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p *molto rall.*

learn - eth My sweet and se - cret pain, That all the for - est learn - eth My

p *molto rall.* *pp*

sweet and se - cret pain,

melodia marcata.

a tempo. *p*

pp

My sweet and se - cret pain, my se - cret pain.

a tempo. *a tempo.*

rit. *rit.* *sempre dim.* *e rit.*

p *mf* *p* *p*

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A Mistake.

(Mrs Mary Mapes Dodge.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 3.

Allegretto. (♩ = 132)

Voice.

Piano.

Lit - tle ro - sy Red - cheek said un - to a clo - ver: "Flower! why were you made? I was made for moth - er, She hasn't an - y oth - er; But you were made for no one I'm a - fraid." Then the clo - ver soft - ly un - to Redcheek whis - pered: "Pluck me, ere you go." Redcheek, lit - tle

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dreaming, Pulled and ran off scream-ing: "Oh naughty, naughty flow'r to sting me so!"

"Fool-ish child!" the star-tled

bee buzzed cross-ly, "Fool-ish, not to see That I make my

hon-ey While the day is sun-ny; That the pret-ty lit-tle clo-ver lives for

me!"

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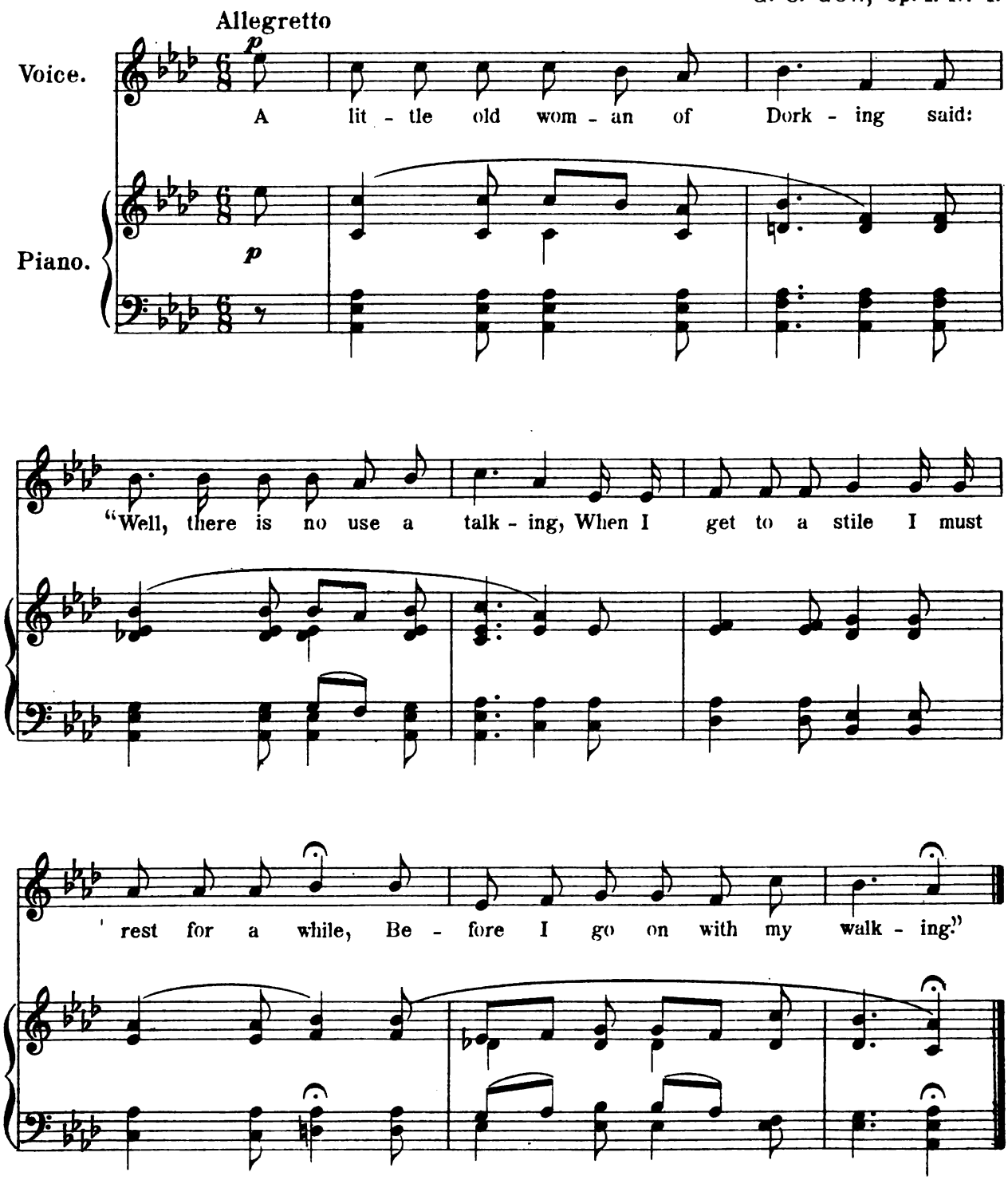
A little old Woman.

(Anon.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 4.



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Counting Baby's Toes.

(Anon.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 5.

Moderato. (♩ = 176)

Voice.

Piano.

Dear lit - tle

a tempo.

rit.

m. d.

Ped.

bare - feet, Dim - pled and white, In your long night - gown

m. d. *m. d.* *m. d.*

Wrapped for the night: Come, let me count all your queer lit - tle

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toes, Pink as the heart of a shell or a rose. One is a

la - dy that sits in the sun; Two is a ba - by, and

three is a bun; Four is a lil - y with in - no - cent breast; Five is a

m. d.

bir - die a - sleep on her nest.

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The Asra.

(Heinrich Heine.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 6.

Moderato. (♩ = 92)

Voice.

Piano.

p

Dai - ly walked the fair - est, whit - est

Sut - tan's daught - er, go - ing, com - ing In the even - ing by the foun - tain,

Where the wa - ters white were splash - ing; Dai - ly stood the youth - ful cap - tive

melodia marcata.

In the even - ing by the foun - tain Where the wa - ters white were splash - ing

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Where the wa - ters white were splash - ing. Dai - ly grew he pale and pal - er,

ritard. *a tempo.*

pale and pal - er; Till one even - ing stept the Prin - cess,

ritard. *a tempo.*

Asked of him with sud - den ques - tion: "Tell me, slave, what name thou own - est,

mf

Where thy home is, what thy kin-dred?" And the slave, he spoke: "My

p *pp*

p

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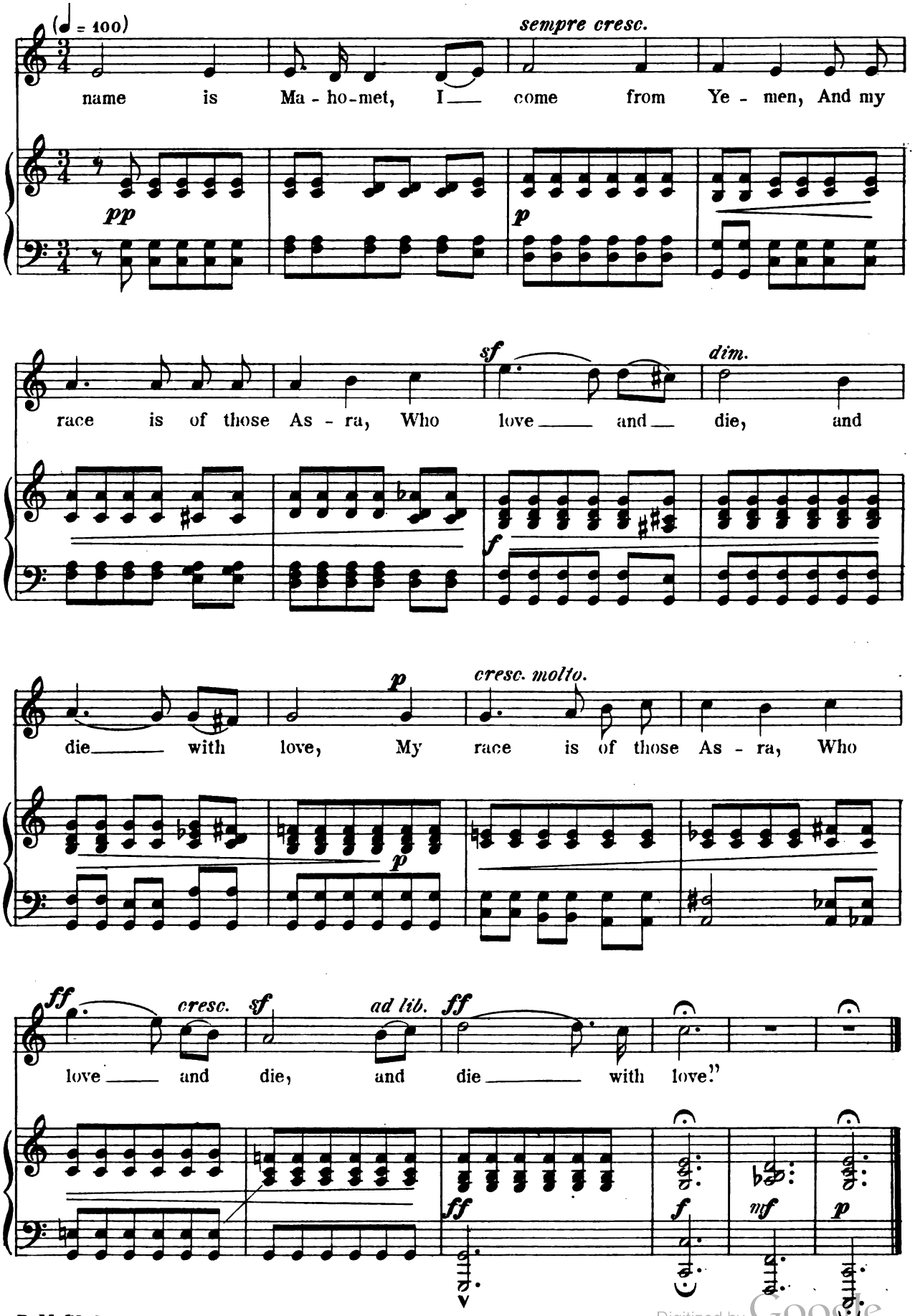

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Slumber Song.

(Mrs Kate Tannatt Woods.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 7.

Andante. (♩ = 54)

Voice.

Piano.

Rest, darling, rest; rest, darling, rest,

Safe in your own home-nest, My wea-ry boy, Close those dear tired eyes,

Dream, love, of Pa-ra-dise: Rest, darling, rest, darling, rest.

Rest, darling, rest; rest, darling, rest. Close to your mother's breast, My precious boy.

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Noth-ing can harm you, love, Moth-er here, and God a-bove; Rest, dar-ling, rest, dar-ling,

rest: Rest, darling, rest; rest, darling, rest.

The dear God bless our nest, And this our boy, Hold-ing his moth-er's hand,

Waft him to Sleep-y Land: Rest, dar-ling, rest, dar-ling, rest.

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Wanderer's Song.

(Claude J. Farnsworth.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 8.

Andantino. (𝅗𝅥 = 96.)

Voice.

Piano.

p Bird in the fir-wood,

pp *f* *rit.* *ppp* *pp*

Clear dost thou sing! Clear dost thou sing! Sing thy sweet song to me, I would rejoice with thee,

p *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *molto* *ritard.*

Bird in the fir - wood, Clear dost thou sing, Clear dost thou

p *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *molto* *ff* *ritard.*

f

sing.

cresc. *p* *pp*

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p

Bird by the cool brook, Sweet dost thou sing,

f *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Sweet dost thou sing! O, do not fly a-way, Sing for my love thy lay:

p *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *molto.* *ritard.* *f*

Bird by the cool brook, Sweet dost thou sing, Sweet dost thou sing!

p *accel.* *e* *cresc.* *molto.* *ff* *ritard.* *decresc.*

p *mf* *pp*

Ped. *

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Daybreak.

(Victor Hugo.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 9.

Andantino. (♩ = 96.)

Voice.

Day dawns, and still thy door is—

Piano.

p *mf* *p rit.* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

closed: — My beau-ti-ful, why sleep-est — thou? — It is the hour when

a tempo *poco rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

wakes the rose, Then why art thou not wak-ing now? O my fair one,

agitato.

mf p *accelerando e*

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poco cresc. *a tempo, e molto legato.*

listen, — The morn - ing-hour hath wings, And the lov - er 'neath thy

poco cresc. - - - *molto legato a tempo decresc.*

win - dow Is weep - ing, while he sings!

p *senza pedale.* *p*

poco rit.

All things are knocking at thy door for

mf *f* *a tempo.* *poco rit.*

thee: — The dawn comes soft - ly murm-'ring: "I am day!" — The

a tempo. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

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song birds warbles, "I am har - mo-ny!" And "I am Love!" sweet la - dy,

cresc. *mf* *p*

agitato. *poco cresc.*

hear me say! O my fair one, listen, — The morn - ing hour hath

novel. *e poco cresc.* - - - *molto*

a tempo e molto legato.

wings, And the lov - er 'neath thy win - dow Is weep ing while he

legato. *a tempo* *decresc.* - - - *p* *senza pedale*

sings.

p *mf* *p*

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Under the Greenwood Tree.

(From "As You Like It." Shakespeare.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 10.

Allegro. (♩. 112.)

Piano.

p

p

Un-der the Green-wood tree — Who loves to lie with me —

p

cresc. - - - - f p

And turn his mer - ry note Un-to — the sweet bird's — throat, — Come

cresc. - - - - mf

hither, come hither, come hith-er! — Come hither, come hither, come hither! —

p

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cresc.

Here shall he see No en-e-my But win-ter and rough weath-er.

cresc.

p

sempre cresc.

p

Who doth am-bi-tion shun

f

fff

p

Ped.

Ped.

And loves to live i'the sun Seeking the food he eats And pleased with

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cresc. *mf* *p*

what he— gets,— Come hither, come hither, come hither!— Come

p

hith-er, come hith-er, come hith-er!— *cresc.* Here shall he see No en-e-my But

win-ter and rough weath-er.

p *sempre cresc.*

ff *fff*

Ped. Ped.

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Sing, Heigh-ho!

(From "As You Like It." Shakespeare.)

Allegretto con anima. (♩. = 96.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 1. No 11.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

f

mf

Blow, blow, thou win - ter wind,

Thou art not so un-kind As man's in-grat - i - tude;

Thy tooth is not so keen Because thou art not seen, Al-

though thy breath be rude.

p

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! un-to the green holly: Most

pp

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cresc. *molto.*

friend-ship is feign-ing, most lov-ing mere fol-ly: Then, heigh-ho, the hol-ly! This

cresc. *molto*

ff

life is most jol-ly, most jol - - ly.

ff *f* *sempre cresc.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bit-ter sky, That dost not

ff *ff* *fff* *mf*

con 8va

bite so nigh As ben-e-fits for-got. Though thou the

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wa - ters warp Thy sting is not so sharp As friend remem - ber'd not.

p

Heigh - ho! sing heigh-ho un - to the green hol-ly: Most friendship is feigning, most

pp

cresc. molto.

lov - ing mere fol - ly: Then heigh - ho the hol-ly! This life is most jol-ly, most

cresc. molto.

ff

jol - - ly.

ff *f* *sempre cresc.* *ff* *ff* *fff*

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Roses.

G. C. GOW, Op. 2. № 1.

Allegretto. (♩. = 96)

Voice.

Piano.

p

Ros - es, ros - es blow - ing,
Ros - es, hap - py ros - es,

In my gar - den grow - ing, Scent the air ev - 'ry-where, Mine to share,
When my hear re - pos - es On his breast, light-ly pressed, There to rest,

mine to wear! Must I spoil your treas - ures For my fleet - ing pleas - ures,
rich - ly blest: Ye shall be the to - ken Of our love out-spo - ken,

1-2. Ros - es, ros - es in my gar - den fair.

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1. Mo - ments quick - ly fly - ing, Soon will find you dy - ing,
2. Though thy bloom be fad - ing, Si - lent - ly up - braid - ing,

p

On my bo - som ly - ing, Sweet - est in — death; While my heart is
Hap - py art thou, aid - ing Love's en - trancing bliss! Mine the glow of

f

beat - ing, While my Love I'm meet - ing, All thy beauty fleet - ing In thy
feel - ing O'er my sens - es steal - ing, Thine the fe - ver seal - ing Death's un -

rit. *a tempo.*

fra - grant breath!
grate - ful kiss!
1-2. Ros - es, ros - es blow - ing, In my gar - den

rit. *mf a tempo.*

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grow - ing, Scent the air ev - 'ry - where, Mine to share, mine to wear,

Must I spoil your treas - ures For my fleet - ing pleas - ures, Ros - es, ros - es

rit. molto.

in my gar - den fair!

rit. molto.

p

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Curfew.

(H. W. Longfellow.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 2. No 4.

Andante. (♩ = 120.)

Piano.

pp p rall. pp p accel.

molto legato.

1. Sol - emn - ly, mourn - ful - ly,
2. The book is com - plet - ed, And

mf rit p pp

rit molto.

Deal - ing its dole, The Cur - few Bell Is be - gin - ning to toll.
closed, like the day; And the hand that has writ - ten it Lays it a - way.

rit mf

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a tempo.

Cov - er the emb - ers, And put out the light; Toil comes with the
Dim grow its fan - cies; For - got - ten they lie; Like coals in the

pp

accel.

morn - ing, And rest with the night;— Toil comes with the morn - ing, And
ash - es, They dark - en and die,— Like coals in the ash - es, They

accel.

molto cresc.

rall.

rest with the night.
dark - - en and die.

p rall.

pp

p

pp

Dark grow— the win - dows, And quenched is— the fire;
Song sinks in - to si - lence, The sto - ry— is told, The

sempre pp

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Sound fades in-to si - lence, All footsteps re-tire.
wind - ows — are dark - ened, The hearth - stone — is cold.

cresc.

No

mf *p* *pp*

voice in the cham - bers, No sound in the hall!
Dark - er and dark - er The black shadows fall;

1-2. Sleep and ob-

sempre pp

liv - ion Reign o - ver all.

ppp

Ped. *

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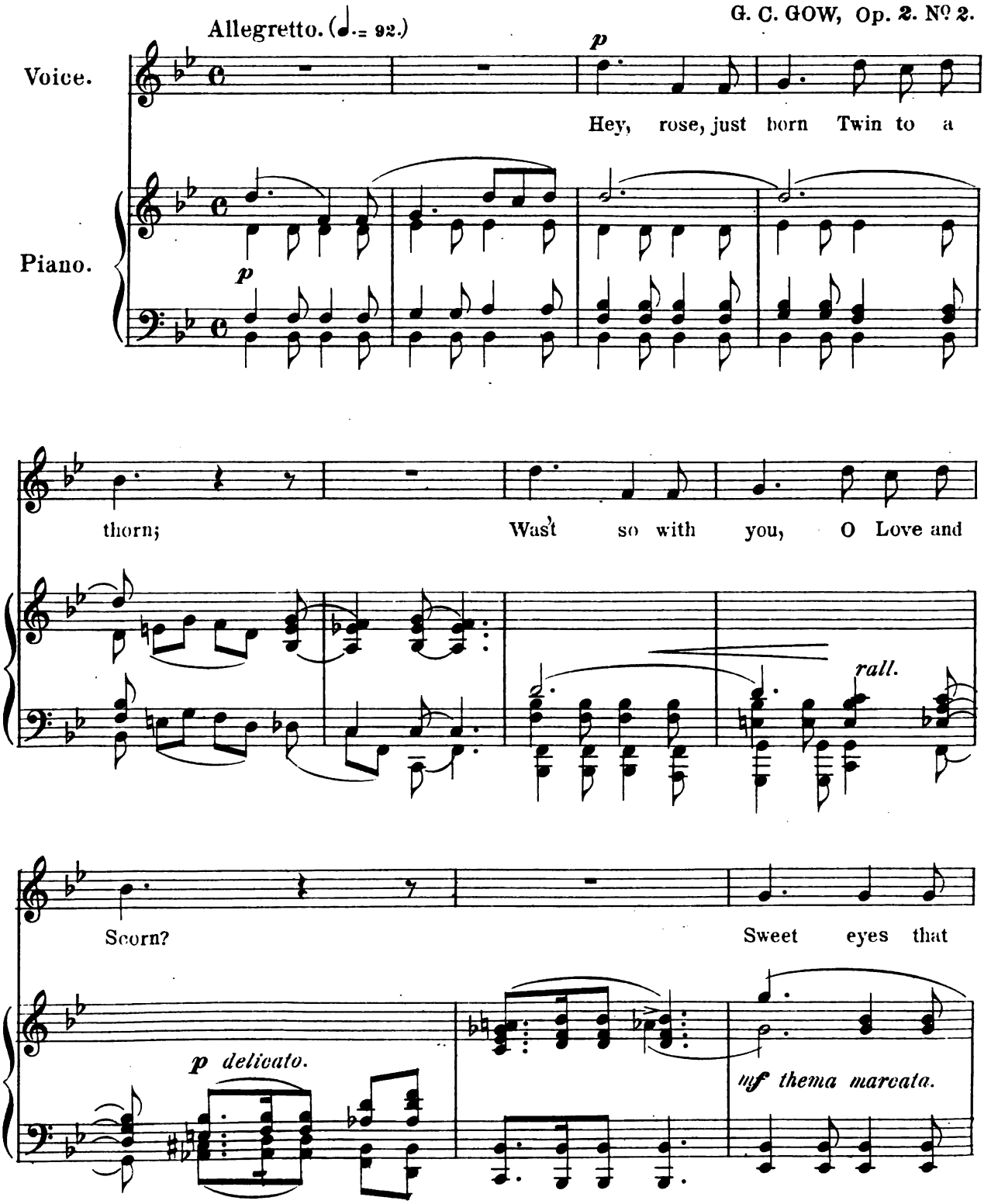
A Song of Love.

(Sidney Lanier.)

G. C. GOW, Op. 2. Nº 2.



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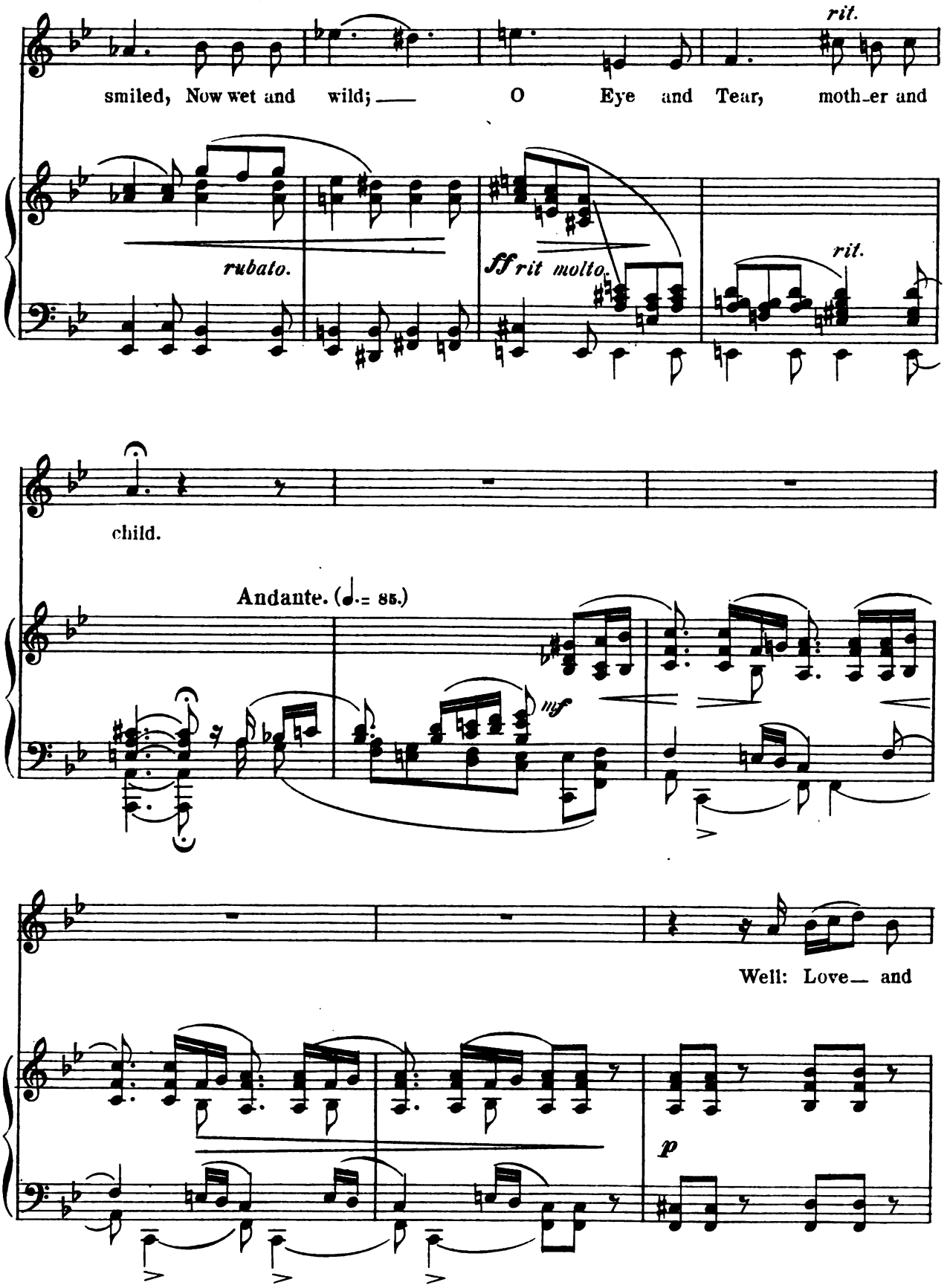

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Pain Be kins - folk twain: Yet would, Oh would I could love a -

rall.

gain; Yet would, Oh would I could love a - gain!

rit molto.

f

Tempo I.

pp

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